

Vienna, 29th May, 1839, Wednesday Evening.³⁰

It rained all day yesterday, so Schönbrunn was out of the question, and I spent the morning again at the Cabinet of Botany; and after dinner Philip and myself, in spite of the rain, got out to visit the Imperial Picture gallery in the Upper Belvedere Palace, which is finely situated in one of the suburbs. The gallery is very extensive, and excellent, especially in the Dutch School, and we had barely time to finish our hasty reconnaissance before it closed for the night. I had a fine view of the city from the windows of the upper story. We stopped at a Café on our way home, took some lemonade and ice-cream, while I read Galignani's messengers for English news. This morning I went to the gallery as usual, and after working for a little time, Mr. Pouterlich, the sub-assistant, went with me to see the famous Mineralogical Cabinet, the finest in the world. A most splendid affair it is. It occupies a suite of quite ordinary rooms, but is excellently arranged and shows to great advantage. Here are all the fine gems, diamonds, emerald, Topaz, and all sorts of precious stones, both polished and natural. I saw also the boquet of precious stones made for Maria Theresa, a most brilliant affair. The collection of aerolites is unique. I intend to visit it again on Saturday. I obtained some useful information here as to the mode of constructing the shelves &c in a mineralogical cabinet; their plan here is the best I have seen. If I knew what I now do I could have given a plan for the ~~arrangement~~ construction of the Cabinets at the Lyceum infinitely better than the present. Returning to the Botanical Gallery I occupied myself in selecting specimens for myself from Hügel's New Holland Collections. Endlicher offers me these and other plants as many as I like. He also has offered to send to Hamburg for me a copy of the *Geographia Genera Plantarum*, the *Annals of the Vienna Botanic Garden*, and some other of his works. After dinner, finding nothing else to do for a few moments, I went into a book seller's at the Publisher of Endlicher's *Genera Plantarum*.

to look up some reports on Education &c. I asked also for Botanical works; and after offering me several things which I did not want, they brought out, as a great rarity, our own Flora, - which I told them I did not want at all. At 6 o'clock, Endlicher called upon me, to take me to the Botanic Garden of the University, under the care of Baron Jacquin, who is Professor, at the same time of both Botany and Chemistry in the University, and scarcely lectures on either. He introduced me to the old fellow, a hand-featured chap, who managed to speak a little English and talked to me of the year he spent at Sir Joseph Banks in bygone times. We went through the garden, which is finely situated, covers much ground, and has fine trees; but is wretchedly cared for, in fact it is almost left to run wild, although well endowed. On my return here I have spent a good part of the evening with Philip, who has had another slight paroxysm of fever to-day, which has confined him to the room. I have some curious anecdotes to give you about the Censorship of the press at Vienna, but have not energy enough left to write this evening.

Thursday evening.

Nothing can be printed and published here, without first being examined and approved by a Censor of the press. The government appoints four or five persons in Vienna, who examine in different departments, one for news-papers, one for works of science; others for different branches of literature. Every author must send his manuscript to the Police-office, whence it is handed over to the proper Censor, who certifies that it contains nothing ~~immoral~~, immoral, nothing against the government, and that it is good literature, or science, or poetry, as the case may be and worthy of being published; it is then returned to the author, with permission to print it. The author's annoyance does not end here. He is obliged to leave a copy of his manuscript with the Police, and a copy of the work as soon as printed, so that they may be compared, and any alterations or additions detected. If he desires to make any alterations in

his manuscript, after it has passed the censorship, he must send it back for a second examination. Persons holding responsible official situations are not exempt; if a Censor himself wishes to publish anything, his manuscript must be given to the Police that it may be examined by some other censor. All kinds of works, books of any science not excepted, are subject to the censorship. To my great surprise, Endlicher, who gave me all this information, informed me that all the manuscript of his Genera Plantarum, is sent to the Police, who transmit it to Baron Jacquin, the Censor for Natural history &c. - and who is well paid for the business, but who knows just as much about it, as if it were written in Arabic, and who certifies to each portion that it contains nothing hurtful to the people, nothing offensive to the Emperor, to religion &c. - and more than all, that it is good science. To avoid the annoyance of sending it back repeatedly as he has alterations to make, he is obliged to promise the printer to indemnify him, in case any discrepancy is observed between the manuscript and the printed work. Endlicher spoke of all this in terms, which there is no necessity for me to record just at present. He gave me an anecdote respecting the publication of his earliest botanical work of any consequence, a Flora of his native town & the Flora Posseviensis, I suppose, the manuscript being duly sent to Jacquin, that worthy refused to give it his imprimatur, because it was arranged according to the Natural System, which Jacquin did not like; and Endlicher was obliged to apply personally to the Ministers and take great pains, which he obtained permission to print in spite of the Censor, when he took his revenge by dedicating the work to Baron Jacquin himself. This system is perfectly execrable. I could hardly believe all I have heard had I not obtained my information from such authentic sources.

This day we had a fete in Vienna: it is some
Catholic holy day, I scarcely know what. But there was
a grand procession in the morning, of all the priests living
in the city, nearly all the soldiers, the officers of govern-
ment; the Imperial family & S. which I endured a
good squeezing in the crowd to get a sight of. We ex-
pected to see the Empress, but the day was not very fine and
she did not make her appearance; neither did Prince
Metternich, whom I was much more desirous to see than
all the rest; but he is old and in favor, and is seldom
seen in public. I saw the Emperor and the Princes
but not very distinctly. The procession was a very fine one;
but they say it was less splendid than usual upon such
occasions. The shops were all closed during the day, and
so were all the institutions, so we were obliged to keep
a holiday. After dinner Philip and myself walked out
on the glacis, and down to the Prater, the celebrated Park
and pleasure-ground of Vienna, which upon such occa-
sions is always thronged if the weather be favorable. It
occupies an island in the Danube, four miles long,
it is partly wooded, fine drives are laid out through it, and
pedestrians can run about on the grass as they like.
We spent most time in the portion where the common
people resort, where there are crowds of Cafes, show-rooms
music of every sort, mountebanks, clowns, and every thing
you can imagine. Later the ~~most~~ carriage-road
began to be filled with equipages of every kind, some of them
aristocratic and splendid, others ordinary, even the common
hackney carriages of the town, all filled with gentlemen
and ladies, and affording a very lively scene, which we enjoyed
until sunset. We stopped at a Cafe on the glacis, took some
ice-cream which is here both good and cheap, not half the
New-York price. — and then returned home.
I must discard this wretched Austrian paper,
which I can scarcely write upon: it is like a blanket.